

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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east twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

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This company will furnish bonds
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T. S. McNEEL,

THE HELGRAMMITE.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE ISHMALITE.

His Hard Lot In Life Makes
Him Pessimistic.

The unobtrusive helgrammite is
chosen for the text of this week's
chapter on natural history sub-
jects. It cannot be said that it is an
interesting little creature.

The Standard Dictionary lists
the helgrammite as the large
aquatic larva of a sialid insect
(having elongated chest and large
wings—beetle like) much used for
bait for black bass and other fish.
About our streams are found two
kinds, exactly alike and appar-
ently the same, but generally named
in two classes, those found in the
water at all seasons and those to
be unearthed by turning up stones
in the spring and early summer
months. When the helgrammite is
first found under the stones in the
spring he has burrowed him-
self a bed, and is a very active
householder ready to lay about
him with a will and bite anything
within reaching distance. He is
black and tough and has the
temper of a pirate. With warn-
ing of the weather incubation as
it were sets in and he gradually
emerges from his greasy like
skin, after which he is soft and
effeminate in comparison to his
former self, but he will still ex-
hibit a helpless fury when dis-
turbed. The transfiguration of
the helgrammite is more gradual
than his cousin, the caterpillar,
which, when it has cast aside its
outer covering, is a full fledged
butterfly. The helgrammite takes
his course from an egg deposited
in some stagnant pool to the fly
which lays the eggs by stages,
and the business like, uncertain
tempered insect, that flies by
night and looks as though he
might sting, suggests not the
pompous cocoon-sheltered early
existence of the thoughtless fa-
vored child of nature, the butterfly.
Undoubtedly the helgrammite's
early experience and training has
a lot to do with his pessimistic
way of looking at life.

No sooner does he open his
eyes than he has to assert his in-
dividuality or become more of a
nommy than he was while yet an
unhatched egg. Nature is
kind to him inasmuch as she pro-
vides a sufficient store of nourish-
ment to tide him over the scarce
season while he is getting accus-
tomed to his surroundings by
allowing him to grow over the
parent egg and not encasing him
inside it. Fishes both small and
great, lie in wait to make a meal
of him during his existence under
water and aquatic birds are ever
nosing around in the mud where
he has sought refuge from the fish.

When that inexplicable some-
thing, which in men betokens
something doing in the matrimo-
nial line, seizes the helgrammite he
betrays himself to the land and
domiciles under a stone, care must
be taken lest he go to a too dry
location, one likely to be inhabited
or invaded by ants. If this pre-
caution is not taken the helgram-
mite will find himself in the same
situation as did Gulliver when he
awoke from his sleep in the land
of the Lilliputians, only the hel-
grammite will have the painful ex-
perience of being carried away
and salted down piece meal.

We used to hear a fairy tale
about the poison of the helgram-
mite being as virulent as that of
the rattlesnake or copperhead,
that they were close allies and
to be bitten by one meant
death in a horrible manner. Of
course, nobody really believe it,
but in handling them we are care-
ful not to get in the way of the
pinchers, not that we are afraid
nor anything but we have a con-
stitutional aversion to being
bitten.

In former years when the catch-
ing of a bass as she watched her
nest only involved a question of
ethics and there was no law to be
violated, helgrammites were used
for bass bait and brought good
returns. Now by the middle of
June the helgrammite has usually
taken to himself wings and flown,
but if the season be late, as is the
case this year, and helgrammites
can be obtained they do not prove
as acceptable as earlier in the
season when the bass are so taken
up with love making, fighting and
housekeeping preparations that
they have little time to stir around
for something to eat and readily
gulp down most anything that
comes handy often sinking to the
level of the plebeian chub or sucker
and eating fish worm, when they
think no other bass is looking.
Just here some one remarks that
the helgrammite is equally as
useful as the earthworm, with aridity.
This can only be explained by the
fact that what hurts a man stand-
ing in one community will be the
means of his election elsewhere.
So after the scarce season has
passed the trials of love making
and the responsibilities of nest
keeping over, a bass loses cast
when he eats a fish worm or hel-
grammite.

Theodore Roosevelt.
By Harry Graham.
In Metropolitan Magazine.

Alert as bird or early worm,
Yet gifted with those courtly
ways
Which connoisseurs correctly term
The "tout-c-qu'il-y-a-de-Louis-
Seize".
He reigns, by popular assent,
The People's peerless President!
Behold him! Squarely built and
small,
With hands that would resem-
ble Liszt's,
Did they not forcibly recall
The contour of Fitzsimmon's
fists;
Beneath whose velvet gloves you
feel
The politician's grip of steel.
Accomplished as a King should be,
And autocratic as a Czar,
To him all classes bow the knee,
In spotless Washington afar;
And while his jealous rivals scoff,
He wears the smile that won't
come off.
In him combined we critics find
The diplomatic skill of Choate,
Elijah Dowie's breadth of mind
And Chauncey's fund of anecd-
dote;
He joins the morals of Susannah
To Dr. Munyon's bedside manner.
The rugged virtues of his race
He softens with a Dewey's tact;
Combining Shafter's easy grace
With all Bourke Cochran's love
of fact;
To Dooley's pow'rs of observation
He adds the charms of Carri-
on's Na'ion.
And since his sole delight and
pride
Are exercise and open air,
His spirit chafes at being tied
All day to an official chair;
The bell-boys (in the room be-
neath)
Can hear him gnash his stierred
teeth.
In summer-time he can't resist
A country gallop on his cob,
So, like a thorough altruist,
He lets another do his job;
In winter he will work all day,
But when the sun shines he makes
Hay.
And thus, in spite of office ties
He manages to take a lot
Of healthy outdoor exercise,
Where other Presidents have
not;
As I can prove by drawing your
Attention to his "carte de jour."
At 6 a. m. he shoots a bear,
At 8 he schools a restive horse,
From 10 to 4 he takes the air—
(He doesn't take it all, of course)
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,
Some colored man drops in to tea.
At intervals throughout the day
He sprints around the house,
Or if
His residence is Oyster Bay,
He races up and down the cliff;
While seagulls scream about his
legs,
Or hasten home to hide their
eggs.
In martial exploits he delights,
And has no fear of War's
alarms;
The hero of a hundred fights,
Since first he was a child (in
arms);
Like battle-horse, when bugles
bray,
He champ his bit and tries to
neglect.
And spite of jeers that foes have
hurled,
No problems can his soul per-
plex;
He lectures women of the world
Upon the duties of their sex,
And with unflinching courage thrusts
His spoke within the wheels of
Trusts.
A lion is his crest, you know,
Columbs stooping to caress it,
With *et armis* writ below,
Nemo impune me laesit;
His motto, as you've read already,
Semper paratus—always Teddy!

Modern Short Stories.

By Tom Mason.
In Collins Weekly.

Caleb, who had been away on
a long photographic tour, his
Nature books having brought him
a million and a half in three
months, suddenly met his best
friend coming out of the house,
accompanied by his wife.

"As I suspected," said Caleb,
who, though outwardly calm, felt
within him a perfect hell of jeal-
ous rage.

"Whither away?" he asked
lightly.

Caleb's friend did not deign to
answer, but got into his auto-
mobile and sped away. Caleb's
wife did not permit herself to be
disturbed.

"Just in time, dear," he said.
"Have you had luncheon?"

"No," said Caleb. "Keep it
for me. I will be back at four.
Meet me in my dark room at that
hour."

A sudden thought struck him.
He would have his revenge. In
the distance he could hear his
bright little four-year-old boy
playing on the hand-organ Caleb
had given him for Christmas to
keep him quiet. But already his
mind was made up.

He hastened madly to a clump
of woods on the outskirts of the
town. He called the old familiar
call, and in a few moments he
was surrounded by his small
company of trained rattlesnakes.

"Ah, Fanger," he said to the
largest one. "Once I did you a
service. Now you must do me
one. At four o'clock this after-
noon I will take you to my dark-
room. You must bite my faith-
less wife, Fanger. Then I shall
sit and taunt her while she slowly
dies."

He put the snake in his tail
pocket and hurried homeward.
She was waiting for him as he
entered the dark-room.

"Here, dear," she said, "is
luncheon. I cooked it myself."
Caleb locked the door.

"Woman," he said, "my calm-
ness has been a mask. You
were about to elope with my best
friend. Now is the hour when
my revenge is complete. Here,
Fanger strike while the lunch is
hot."

The snake prepared to obey,
while the terrified woman sank
on her knees and pleaded for her
life. At this moment, however,
the strains of a hand organ were
heard outside. Willie had come
to serenade them.

The snake hesitated. He was
charmed. It was a moment of
intense dramatic interest.

"Play, Willie," said Caleb's
wife.

"Let up, Willie, said Caleb.
Would the boy stop? In after
years, could he look back with a
fond smile to think he had once
saved his mother's life?

Caleb's wife, with rare in-
stinct, knew that Willie's arm
was beginning to waver. With a
sudden movement she turned off
the red light. At this instant
the music stopped.

"Now, Fanger," exclaimed
Caleb, the hell of jealous rage
still prompting him.

The snake struck out missing
Caleb's wife entirely, and biting
the lunch she had prepared in-
stead. He never moved again.

The next day, when Caleb had
calmed down, his friend came
around and explained that he had
simply gone in to borrow a gal-
lon of gasoline.

As for Caleb's wife, she was
very grateful.

"If I had not been the presi-
dent of a cooking school," she
said, "it would have been all day
with me."

Campbell Lumber Company.

The new town to be built by
the Campbell Lumber Company
on the Levi Gay farm, will be
situated on both sides of the road
where the turnpike crosses Stony
Creek.

Below the road is the mill and
dam and the lumber yard. The
bottom of a mill about 60x180
has been put in. The dam is
staked off and partly excavated.
Upwards of a mile of railroad
bed has been excavated. This
railroad will be standard gauge
and on a good grade.

Last Saturday 34 Italians
arrived and more are expected, it
is said, until 150 will be at work.
Those who arrived Saturday are
under the supervision of Will Mc-
Laughlin, who has built a camp
at the old Hamlin chapel.

At Stony Creek ford a board-
ing house and two houses are
completed and work is progress-
ing on a large store building.

The site of the new industry is
about one mile from the post-
office in Marlinton.

POAGE LANE SKIRMISH.

A CLASH BETWEEN SCOUTS IN SIXTY-THREE

When Neighbor Made War Upon
Neighbor.

On the third Sunday morning
of June 1863 a group composed
of the late Col. Wm. Woods
Poage, his son John, and John
Beverage were seated at the end
of the kitchen porch. Col.
Poage was leaning on the railing
parting for breath from a severe
asthmatic paroxysm. The two
boys had just come in from the
Bridger place, on the Greenbrier,
now Harter where they had spent
the night, attending to Capt. J.
C. Gay's family refugeeing there.
Further on near the west end of
the porch, were George W. Mc-
Laughlin, Enoch Walmsley and
McByde Gun. These men had
just returned from a scout to
Randolph County and had come
that morning from the head of
Clover Creek.

In the front porch Mrs. Julia
Poage was reclining with her
head on the back of a chair, fast
asleep, her Bible near her which
she had been reading for an hour
or more that morning. Suddenly
Mr. Gun exclaimed, "Here they
come," pointing to a clump of
sugar trees, on the brow of the
hill overlooking the dwelling, and
then moved out into the yard for
a better view. In an instant a
shot was fired, the ball came very
near him, and struck the wall
close to Col. Poage's head.

Gun ran around the ell, into
the orchard making for the old
Clover Lick road.

McLaughlin and Walmsley
passed around the front by the
well and were aiming to reach the
road where a log house stood.

The two boys ran through the
house into the front porch. John
Poage aroused his sleeping mother
then ran through the orchard to-
wards the timber west of the
dwelling.

Upon coming near an old chest-
nut stump a squad of the Union-
ists raised up and fired at him.
Being thus headed off John ran
towards Gun, now near the old
gate, while Beverage made for
some current vines, where he
concealed himself. As Gun
came near the old gate, he was
confronted by another squad of
Unionists and fired on at close
range. He turned to the east
and soon fell down, but no sooner
down than he was up again.

This occurred several times. A
ball had penetrated his shoe at
the hollow of the foot just graz-
ing the flesh, but benumbed his
foot so that when he would put
it down he would fall. Still he
made out to reach the thick tim-
ber and disappeared. When the
Poage boy saw this second party,
he fell down and hugged the sod
as closely as he possibly could
and when the squad that headed
him off passed over him one ex-
claimed in much glee: "There is
one blamed rebel busted up."

The Unionists only paused long
enough to pick up his nice mili-
tary hat that had been worn by
his brother Moffett when Major
of the 127th Regiment, Virginia
Militia.

When the second squad at the
old Gate fired on Gun, Mc-
Laughlin and Walmsley were
near the pond in front of the re-
sidence at the foot of the hill.

Walmsley seemed to think it
would be useless to make any
further effort to get away, and
was in the act of throwing down
his gun and surrendering. Mc-
Laughlin called out to him,
"Don't surrender, we can get
away."

Walmsley then picked up his
gun and the two were soon at the
edge of the dense thicket across
the old road on the edge of a field
McLaughlin disappeared in the
bushes but Walmsley kept out in
the open field and wheeling
around commenced shooting at
his pursuers. This checked their
advance and they withdrew after
searching the house for more
rebels. Col. Poage speaking of
the affair some years afterward
remarked the halloing and the
shooting put him in mind of an
old fashioned deer chase, more
than anything else he could com-
pare to it.

The apparent difference as it
seemed to him was that in the
deer chase it was men hunting
animals, but in this skirmish it
was men hunting men. If this
skirmish was as noisy as some of
the times, when Col. Poage was
chasing deer at Marlinton long
years ago it must have been an
exciting tumultuous affair, as to
shooting and yelling.

One of the union rangers that
figured in the Poage Lane skir-

ish was the late Milton Sharp
who gained considerable notoriety
for his daring bravery in scouting.
Some time after this affair hap-
pened George W. McLaughlin
was at home on furlough. It was
whispered around that Milton
Sharp had been seen in the vicin-
ity of Poage's Lane. Thereupon
Capt. J. C. Gay instructed Mat-
thias Moore, Charles L. Moore
and McLaughlin to watch the
Wm. Johnson place on Green-
brier River where Sharps family
was staying.

About daybreak Sharp's wife
gave a signal and soon after Mil-
ton was seen coming to the house.
The three scouts referred to
now planned to wait until they
supposed all would be at break-
fast, when they would slip up
unobserved and take Milton by
surprise.

A dog however gave the alarm
and Sharp fled towards the river.
The scouts challenged him to
halt for they would not hurt him
if he would surrender but would
have to shoot him, unless he gave
up. Instead of heeding them he
resolutely turned, fired and just
grazed the face of one of his pur-
suers. Then disappearing under
the bark of the river and running
to a rock he stopped defiantly and
began firing upon the Scouts.

Several shots were exchanged
when Sharp being disabled, made
signs for surrender. He was
found to be wounded in the leg
and head.

It turned out that he and the
three Confederates had been old
friends and neighbors not long
before and two were his relatives.
They carried the helpless man to
the house as gently as possible.
Then they carefully dressed his
wounds, put him to bed in their
humane endeavors to make him
as comfortable as possible.

Another incident in the same
vicinity occurred in 1862.

"Tommy" Woods a somewhat
noted Confederate scout was on
his return from Western Virginia
with important information for
the Confederates in the Virginia
Valley. It was a very cold eve-
ning when he came near Johnson's
on the Greenbrier. Besides the
river was found to be very deep,
and Johnson he knew to be a
unionist and this perplexed Woods
very much as to what would be
best for him to do.

It occurred to him that old Mr.
Billy Johnson and his brother
Jimmy Woods were much at-
tached friends through a friend-
ship formed some years previously
at a glorious camp meeting re-
vival. Tommy Woods made up
his mind to personate his brother
Jimmy Woods and on the score
of the old friendship ask a nights
lodging. Thereupon he ventured
to the house and in a little while
Mr. Johnson came in from feed-
ing the stock, whereupon Tommy
Woods greeted him: "Good
evening Brother Johnson." Then
Brother Johnson took his proffered
hand, and peering into his face
said: "You have the advantage
of me stranger, your face looks
familiar but I cannot name you."

"Do you remember Jimmie
Woods?" "Why certainly I do.
Is it possible this is Jimmie
Woods. O, I am so glad to see
you Brother Woods." Then
there followed a scene that baffles
description as Johnson shouted
and wept at the remembrance of
the good old times now gone for-
ever as it seemed to him in the
terrible times of war.

A nice supper was served much
talk about "good old times" the
Bible was looked up and Brother
Woods requested to read and
pray.

Here was a stumper he had
not anticipated, Woods had never
professed religion and now he
was so up to matters that his life
was at stake. But somehow he
seemed equal to the emergency
upon him. He read a chapter at
random for a more unfamiliar
book could not have been put in
his reach.

He read however and prayed
much to Brother Johnson's sat-
isfaction as Brother Johnson's re-
sponses took up most of the
prayer. The next morning
Brother Johnson put him safely
over the river a swelling raging
torrent and without farther hin-
drance Tommy Woods reached
the Confederate lines in safety.

I am credibly informed that
Tommy Woods in after years be-
came a devoted christian man.

He always would recommend
the uses and benefits of prayer.

He ever insisted it was well
for even sinners to make a habit of
prayer, for he was sure it was
prayer that saved his life, at the
time referred to.

He seemed to realize more and
more that though one may not
see God yet the Supreme Being
is not far from every one of us
for in Him one lives, moves and
has his being and that being so
near, God understands our
thoughts and is acquainted with

all our ways and that it is no vain
thing to call upon Him.

"In each event of life how
clear,
Thy ruling hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul most
dear,
Because conferred by Thee."

Are words that fitly express
what Tommy Woods felt and
thought about providential deal-
ings in his closing days.

W. T. P.

From The Depths.

The Montgomery News says
that the car-load of whiskey
which some thirty years ago was
sunk in the Blue Hole of New
River has been located and is
being recovered.

The history of the case is that
a generation ago a carload of
Kentucky whiskey going east
over the C. & O. was derailed
and toppled over into one of the
deepest parts of New River. The
water is of an unknown depth.
The locomotive also sunk and the
waters closed over the precious
cargo. Time went by and the
lost whiskey became a tradition.
The minstrels of Fayette County
tuned their harps and sang of the
buried treasure. The colored
coal miner stopped with the craps
in his hand to meditate on the
thirty year old whiskey. The
gray headed patriarch of New
River Valley mused on the nectar
of the Gods and his mouth wat-
tered until the saliva ran down
his beard even to the skirts of his
garment.

It remained for Wilton Quarles
of Astola, Kentucky, to hire
divers and last Thursday the car
was located and the first barrel
was brought to light. The barrel
was covered with a growth of
submarine plants.

The excitement is intense. It
is supposed that enough will be
recovered to supply the drinking
public for years, and like the
widows' curse of oil, it will never
grow less.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified
not to trespass on my lands lying
on the east side of the public road
leading from Huntersville to
Dunmore by cutting any corner
tree or line tree, nor by cutting
any timber on the east side of
said road except what is included
within the boundary line of timber
sold to Orwig and Kryder by me;
nor by throwing down and leav-
ing down my fences on said land
on the east side of said road.

And all persons are hereby
further notified not to trespass on
my land lying on the west side of
said road by cutting any timber
whatever within the boundary
line named in the deed from John
Carpenter to William McLaughlin,
nor by passing said land in
any way except on the road lead-
ing around the hill down Thomas
Creek; nor by throwing down nor
burning my fences and leaving
open gates.

The penalty of the law in such
cases made and provided will be
enforced against any person vi-
olating this notice.

ROBT. McLAUGHLIN.

5-9-04

Notice.

The ladies of the Huntersville
Presbyterian church will on
Thursday, June 23, at Hunters-
ville, beginning at 5 p. m., give
a strawberry and ice cream fes-
tival; will also have a lunch
counter. Proceeds to be used to
fence the church. All are cor-
dially invited to attend.

By order of the

COMMITTEE.

FLAG DAY, JUNE 20th

WEST VIRGINIA DAY, JUNE 28th

WORLD'S FAIR

ST. LOUIS.

Ill fares the man to hastening ills
a prey,
Whose steaks get tougher while
his teeth decay.

Are you aware

In the course of a year, the balance
wheel of your watch makes 157,680,000
revolutions?

Just Think Of It!

In time the oil gums, produces friction, and
wears the delicate bearings, destroying their
high finish and perfect fit, thus ruining an ac-
curate time piece.

Will You Thus Ruin Yours?

An ordinary machine is oiled daily. Your watch should be cleaned
and oiled at least once a year. Let us examine it; an honest opinion
from us will cost you nothing. Should it need cleaning, we can ap-
ply the remedy in a skillful manner. Should it need other repairs
we are